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THE

W I F E

OF

AUCHTERMUCHTY,

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEM.

With a Translation into
LATIN RHYME.

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum praeordia ludit.*

PERSIUS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY A. NEILL AND CO.

1803.

WIFE

OF

AND CHILDREN NUCHET,

IN WEDNESDAY

LAST YEAR

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P R E F A C E.



ABOUT six months ago, a small publication appeared at Edinburgh, entitled, *Carminum Rariorum Macaronicorum Delectus, in usum Ludorum Apollinarium. Fasciculus secundus*. That celebrated, though now very scarce Poem, the Wife of Auchtermuchty, was one of the articles which this fasciculus contained. The Editor, in a note at the beginning of it, made the following observation.

“ It is much to be feared that the beauties of this excellent poem will be lost to modern readers, as the ancient Scottish dialect in which it is written is now not without difficulty understood even by the antiquarian. By an elegant translation into the Latin language, the beauties of this poem would be preserved to latest posterity. It is therefore much to be wished, that some classical scholar would do the same honour to this as has lately been done to some other Scottish poems.”

A few weeks after this notice appeared, the Latin translation now presented to the public was sent to the Scriba Prætorius for the celebration of the Ludi Apollinares, inclosed in the following Latin letter.

SCRIBÆ

SCRIBÆ PRÆTORIO CONVENTUS GYMNAS-
TICI EDINENSIS,

S.

PERLEGI, vir erudite, summâ cum voluptate, Fasciculos duos quos edidisti *Carminum Rariorum Macaronicorum*. Nil, me iudice, in rebus humanis, solitove vitæ consortio jucundius, ne dicam utilius, quàm studia graviora, et ea munera in quibus ritè fungendis hominis probi constat officium, jocos interdum lenire, et horas paucas subsecivas, aut hilari et festivo consortio, aut genii ludicri modicâ indulgentiâ demulcere. Quàm sint utilia, immo necessaria hujusmodi oblectamenta, ipsemet sum expertus, qui nec paucis nec levibus implicitus negotiis, ni pauxillum temporis furripere licuisset ad vires animi reficiendas, prorsus succumberem. Quamobrem nec me pœnitet omnino, nec pudet, animi causâ, nec non ut voto tuo, vir erudite, obsequerer, cantilenam hancce antiquam *, opusculum suo genere planè egregium, versu Latino, ut cupiisti, et metrico rythmo vestiisse. Si tibi, tuique similibus, viris cordatis, placuerint hi versus, quid de hisce nugis censeat morosum et vapidum genus hominum, qui nil sapiunt facetiarum, non multùm morabor. Vale et lætare.

* *The Wife of Auchtermuchty.* •



THE Scriba Prætorius is directed by the Gymnasiarchus Magnus, Pontifex Maximus, Archi-Laureatus, Prætor Honoratus, and other officers of the Gymnastic Club, to request that the anonymous Author who has thus with so much credit to himself fulfilled their wish, would take any method he may think most advisable of informing them to whom they are indebted for a translation, which, in their opinion, from its justness, its elegance, and its spirit, would do no discredit to any Latin scholar even of the highest reputation.

This Poem would have made the first part of a third Fasciculus of Macaronics, which the Scriba Prætorius is now preparing for the press: But, from different considerations, he has determined that this Third Fasciculus shall not be published for some years to come, and he was unwilling to withhold from readers possessing elegant classical taste, till a period which is yet, perhaps, distant, that gratification which they cannot fail to derive from a careful perusal of the following translation.

Edinburgh, April 8. 1803.

THE
WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

I.

IN Auchtermuchty dwelt a man,
 An husband, as I heard it tald,
 Quha weil could tipple out a can,
 And nowther luvit hunger nor cauld ;
 Till anes it fell upon a day
 He zokit his pleuch upon the plain ;
 But schort the storm wald let him stay,
 Sair blew the day with wind and rain.

II.

He lows'd the pleuch at the land's end,
 And drave his owfen hame at ene ;
 Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
 And saw his wife baith dry and clene,
 Set beikand by a fire full bauld,
 Suppand fat soup as I heard fay :
 The man being weary, wet, and cauld,
 Between thir twa it was nae play.

 MATRONA AUCHTERMUCHTIENSIS.

I.

IN Auchtermuchtia notatur
 Vixisse quondam homo gnavus,
 Maritus, optimus potator,
 Inediæ, fitis, hostis gravis.
 Huncce, dum solito labore
 Aratrum bobus exercebat,
 Compulsum hyemis rigore,
 Tempestas domum reducebat.

II.

Solvebat boves ante horam
 Consuetam hic, defessus multum,
 Et ædes repetens, uxorem
 Invenit lautam, comptam, cultam.
 Hic frigus, torpens, dum videret
 Ad focum conjugem sedentem,
 Quæ pingue jusculum forberet,
 Nil mirum visus turbat mentem.

III.

III.

Quod he, " Quhair is my horfes corn ?
 " My owfen has nae hay nor frae ;
 " Dame, ze maun to the plewch the morn,
 " I fall be huffy gif I may.
 " This feid-time it proves cauld and bad,
 " And ze fit warm, nae troubles se ;
 " The morn ze fall gae wi' the lad,
 " And syne zeil ken what drinkers drie."

IV.

" Gudeman," quod scho, " content am I,
 " To tak the plewch my day about,
 " Sae ze rule weil the kaves and ky,
 " And all the house baith in and out :
 " And now sen ze haif made the law,
 " Then gyde all richt, and do not break ;
 " They ficker raid that neir did faw ;
 " Therefore let naething be neglect.

V.

" But sen ye will huffy/kep ken,
 " First ze maun sift and syne fall kned ;
 " And ay as ye gang butt and ben,
 " Luke that the bairns dryt not the bed :
 " And lay a saft wyfp to the kiln,
 " We haif a dear farm on our heid :
 " And ay as ze gang forth and in,
 " Keip weil the gailings frae the gled."

III.

- “ I, profer,” dixit, “ huc avenas ;
 “ Fac bovis frumenta promi ;
 “ Uxor, tu mane duc habenas,
 “ Dum ego domina fim domi.
 “ Tempestas horrido rigore
 “ Curarum penitus expertem,
 “ Dum ego maceror labore,
 “ Te nil offendit hęc inertem.”

IV.

- “ Pactum conventum fit hinc inde,”
 Respondet uxor, datā dextrā ;
 “ Tu vaccas, vitūlas, subinde
 “ Et ædes cures, intus, extra.
 “ Per vices, indies fit actum :
 “ Nostrum fulcare manè glebam ;
 “ Tu quod sanxisti serua pactum,
 “ Et opus age quod solebam.”

V.

- “ Interea, ut sis aptus arti,
 “ Terendum primò, tunc pinsandum ;
 “ Et quum infantes probè farti,
 “ Ne lectum polluant curandum.
 “ Cautè accendas tunc fornacem ;
 “ Sit frugis quicquid ordinetur ;
 “ Caveto milvium rapacem
 “ Anserculos ne deprædetur.”

VI.

The *Wyfe* was up richt late at ene,
 I pray luke gif her ill to fare,
 Scho kirn'd the kirn, and skumt it clene,
 Left the *Gudeman* but bladoch bare :
 Then in the morning up scho gat,
 And on hir heart laid hir disjune,
 And pat as meikle in hir lap,
 As nicht haif ferd them baith at nune.

VII.

Says, *Yok*, be thou maister of wark,
 And thou fall had, and I fall ka ;
 Ife promise thee a gude new fark,
 Either of round claith or of fma.
 Scho lowft the owfen aught or nyne,
 And hynt a gad-staff in her hand :
 Up the *Gudeman* raife aftir fyne,
 And saw the *Wyfe* had done command.

VIII.

He draif the gaislings forth to feid ;
 Thair was but fevensum of them aw,
 And by thair comes the greidy gled,
 And lickt up five, left him but twa ;
 Then out he ran in all his mane,
 How fune he hard the gaislings cry ;
 But than ere he came in again,
 The kaves brak loufe and suckt the ky.

VI.

Nocte dum altâ occupatur,
 (Sit omen, precor, maledictum),
 Butyro cautè lac fraudatur,
 Tantum oxygalum relictum.
 Tunc multo mane experrecta,
 Opsonia lauta ipsa capit ;
 Jentaculo optimè refecta,
 Duplum pro prandio secum rapit.

VII.

Et puerum sic allocuta,
 “ *Jock*, Boves agam, Tu arato ;
 “ Indusia nova fit tributa ;
 “ Tu pulchrum præmium reportato.”
 Accingit se ad opus citò,
 Bobus adjunctis, fustem nacta ;
 Dum experrecto jam marito,
 Videntur iussa satisfacta.

VIII.

Inprimis gnaviter ad pastum
 Educit pullos anserinos ;
 At milvius irruens confestim,
 Ex septem hic reliquit binos.
 Ast anserinum cùm clamorem
 Audivit, extrâ fugit statim ;
 Dum vituli, secundum morem,
 Vaccas exfugillant affatim.

IX.

IX.

The kaves and ky met in the loan,
 The man ran with a rung to red,
 Than by came an ill-willy roan,
 And brodit his buttocks till they bled.
 Syne up he tuke a rok of tow,
 And he fat down to fey the spinning ;
 He loutit down our neir the low,
 Quod he, " This wark has ill beginning."

X.

The leam up throu the lum did flow,
 The fute tuke fyre, it fleyd him than ;
 Sum lumps did fall and burn his pow ;
 I wat he was a dirty man :
 Zit he gat water in a pan,
 Quhairwith he floken'd out the fyre :
 To foup the houfe he fyne began ;
 To had all richt was his defyre.

XI.

Hynd to the kirn then did he floure,
 And jumblit at it till he fwat,
 Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,
 The forrow crap of butter he gat ;
 Albeit nae butter he could get,
 Zit he was cummert with the kirn,
 And fyne he het the milk fae het,
 That ill a spark of it wad zyrne.

IX.

In angiportu gens bovina
 Congreditur incontinenter ;
 Fustem prendenti, vi ferinâ
 Bos nates fodicat cruentem.
 Tunc colo, fuso, trahens stamen,
 Artem ediscat ut netricem,
 Flammæ corripiunt : hoc certamen
 Sortitur finem infelicem !

X.

Flamma caminum invadebat ;
 Accensa statim fit fuligo,
 Et caput, cadens obruebat ;
 Quin prava certè hæc vertigo !
 Labore plurimo, suppressit
 Aquis incendium hocce dirum ;
 Ædes purgare nunc faceffit,
 Ut strenuum præ se ferat virum.

XI.

Nunc opus lactis peragendum ;
 Oportet fiat nunc butyrum :
 Labor inanis ! (O deslendum)
 Butyrum deficit—nil mirum.
 Desudet quanquam, hunc laborem
 Alio permutat : lac prematur—
 En exitum adhuc pejorem !
 Nam nimis coctum non spissatur.

XII.

XII.

Then ben thair cam a greedy sow,
 I trow he cund hir little thank :
 For in scho shot hir meikle mow,
 And ay scho win it, and scho drank.
 He tuke the kirnstaff be the schank,
 And thocht to reik the sow a rout,
 The twa left gaislings gat a clank,
 That straik dang baith thair harnis out.

XIII.

Then he bure kendling to the kiln,
 But scho stait all up in a low ;
 Quhateir he heard, quhateir he saw,
 That day he had nae will to * * .
 Then he zied to tak up the bairns,
 Thocht to have fund them fair and clene,
 The first that he gat in his arms,
 Was a bedirten to the een.

XIV.

The first it smellt fae fappylie,
 To touch the lave he did not grein :
 " The deil cut aff thair hands," quoth he,
 " That cramd zour kytes fae strait zestrein."
 He traidd the foul sheits down the gate,
 Thocht to have wush them on a stane ;
 The burn was risen grit of spait,
 Awa frae him the sheits has tane.

XII.

Tunc fœda porca ingruebat,
 Et optimum olfaciens potum,
 In ollam rostrum inferebat,
 Et niſtans, nutans, forbet totum.
 Immundam beſtiam coeracet
 Et iſtu baculi fugavit ;
 Plaga, quos milvius pepercit,
 Anferculos excerebravit.

XIII.

Carbone quamvis cautè geſto,
 Fornax incendio ruinetur :
 Quicquid nunc agitur ab iſto,
 Certè nil ludum meditatür.
 Infantum pergit ad grabatum,
 Heu ſtultè credens purum putum ;
 Deprendit unum concacatum,
 Merdâ ad oculos imbutum.

XIV.

Odore nares ſuffocantur ;
 Primus a reliquis abaracet :—
 “ Huic precor ilia rumpantur
 “ Quæ ventres ſic abundè farſit !”
 Merdoſa lintea ut lavaret,
 Ad rivum impiger trahebat ;
 At gurges, iſta dum purgaret,
 Ex imbre tumens, auferebat.

XV.

XV.

Then up he gat on a know heid,
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout :
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
 But stoutly steird the stots about.
 Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
 Scho lowft the plewch, and fyne cam hame ;
 Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt ;
 I trow the man thocht meikle schame.

XVI.

Quod he, " My office I forfuke,
 " For all the hale days of my lyfe ;
 " For I wald put a houe to wraik,
 " Had I been twenty days Gudewyfe."
 Quod scho, " Weil mot ze bruke your place,
 " For truly I fall neir accept it ;"
 Quod he, " Feynd fa the lyar's face,
 " Bat zit ze may be blyth to get it."

XVII.

Then up scho gat a meikle rung ;
 And the Gudeman made to the door,
 Quod he, " Dame, I fall hald my tung,
 " For an we fecht I'll get the war :"
 Quod he, " When I forfuke my plewch,
 " I trow I but forfuke my skill :
 " Then I will to my plewch again ;
 " For I and this houe will nevir do weil."

XV.

Tot mala passus, tandem cessit ;
 Clamorem tollit tunc dementis ;
 Exaudiit uxor—nil recessit,
 Perfecta donec fit sementis.
 Ad noctem usque laboratum ;
 Tunc boves solvens reducebat.—
 In pejus omne est mutatum ;
 Suscepti fanè hunc pigebat.

XVI.

“ Dì dent me, precor, in futurum
 “ A tali munere solutum ;
 “ Nam, me regente, ruituram
 “ Familiam, peream ni putem.”
 At illa—“ Munus obeundum
 “ Quod ambiisti ; nam detrectò.”—
 Ille,—“ Quid stultè renuendum ?
 “ Grato sis animo, profectò.”

XVII.

Correpto baculo repentè
 Vibrabat sponsi in cervicem ;
 Ad ostium fugit hic, nil lentè,
 Agnoscens conjugem victricem.
 “ Certè insigniter erratum ;
 “ Dehinc, aremus in æternum ;
 “ Dì ulciscantur hoc peccatum,
 “ Quum munus captem tam infernum !”

VIRI HUMANI, SALSII ET FACETI,
GULIELMI SUTHERLANDI,
MULTARUM ARTIUM ET SCIENTIARUM DOCTORIS
DOCTISSIMI,
DIPLOMA*.

*U*BIQUE gentium et terrarum,
From Sutherland to Padanarum,
From those who have six months of day,
Ad caput usque Bonæ Spei,
And farther yet, *si forte tendat,*
Ne ignorantiam quis prætendat;—
We, Doctors of the Merry Meeting,
To all and sundry do send greeting,
Ut omnes habeant compertum,
Per hanc præsentem nostram chartam,
Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum,
At home *per nomen Bogsie notum,*
Who studied stoutly at our College,
And gave good specimens of knowledge,
In multis artibus versatum,
Nunc factum esse doctoratum.

Quoth

* This Diploma was written by William Meston, A. M. who was Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal College, Aberdeen, about the beginning of the last century. It has been published in different editions of his poetical works, which are now, however, very rarely to be met with in the shops of the booksellers, and, to use their language, are at present out of print.

Quoth Preses, *Strictum post examen,*
Nunc esto Doctor ; we said, Amen.
 So to you all *hunc commendamus,*
Ut juvenem quem nos amamus,
Qui multas habet qualitates,
 To please all humours and *etates.*
 He vies, if sober, with Duns Scotus,
Sed multo magis si sit potus.
In disputando just as keen as
 Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas.
 In every question of theology,
Versatus multum in trickology ;
Et in catalogis librorum
 Frazer could never stand before him ;
 For he, by page and leaf, can quote
 More books than Solomon ere wrote.
 A lover of the mathematics
 He is, but hates the hydrostatics,
 Because he thinks it a cold study,
 To deal in water clear or muddy.
Doctissimus est medicina,
 Almost as Boerhaave or Bellini.
 He thinks the diet of Cornaro,
 In meat and drink too scrimp and narrow,
 And that the rules of Leonard Lessius,
 Are good for nothing but to stress us.
 By solid arguments and keen
 He has confuted Doctor Cheyne,
 And clearly prov'd by demonstration,
 That claret is a good collation,

Sanis et ægris always better
 Than coffee, tea, or milk and water ;
 That cheerful company, *cum risu,*
Cum vino forti, suavi visu,
Gustatu dulci, still has been
 A cure for hyppo and the spleen ;
 That hen and capon, *vervecina,*
 Beef, duck and pasties, *cum ferina,*
 Are good stomachics, and the best
 Of cordials, *probatum est.*
 He knows the symptoms of the phthisis,
Et per salivam sees diseases,
 And can discover *in urina,*
Quando sit opus medicina.
 A good French nightcap still has been,
 He says, a proper anodyne,
 Better than laudanum or poppy,
Ut dormiamus like a toppy.
Affirmat lulum alearum,
Medicamentum esse clarum,
 Or else a touch at three-hand ombre
 When toil or care our spirits cumber,
 Which graft wings on our hours of leisure,
 And make them fly with ease and pleasure.
Aucupium et venationem,
Post longam nimis potationem,
 He has discover'd to be good
 Both for the stomach and the blood,
 As frequent exercise and travel,
 Are good against the gout and gravel.

He clearly proves the cause of death
 Is nothing but the want of breath,
 And that indeed is a difaster,
 When 'tis occasion'd by a plaster
 Of hemp and pitch, laid closely on
 Somewhat above the collar-bone.

Well does he know the proper doses
 Which will prevent the fall of noses,
 E'en keep them, *qui privantur illis,*
Ægrè utuntur conspicillis.

To this, and ten times more, his skill
 Extends when he could cure or kill.

Immensam cognitionem legum
Ne prorsus hic silentio tegam,
Cum sociis artis, grease his fist,
Torquebat illas as you list;

If laws for bribes are made, 'tis plain,
 They may be bought and sold again;
Spektando aurum now we find

That Madam Justice is stone blind,
 So deaf and dull in both her ears,
 The clink of gold she only hears;
 Nought else but a loud party shout
 Will make her start or look about.

His other talents to rehearse,
Brevissimè in prose or verse,

To tell how gracefully he dances,
 And artfully contrives romances;
 How well he arches, and shoots flying,
 (Let no man think that we mean lying),

How well he fences, rides and fings,
 And does ten thousand other things ;
 Allow a line, nay, but a comma,
 To each, *turgeret hoc diploma ;*
Quare, ut tandem concludamus,
Qui brevitatem approbamus,
 (For brevity is always good,
 Providing we be understood),
In rerum omnium naturis,
Non minus quam scientia juris
Et medicinæ, Doctoratum
Bogscæum novimus versatum ;
 Nor shall we here say more about him,
 But you may dacker if you doubt him.
Addamus tamen hoc tantillum,
Duntaxat nostrum hoc sigillum,
Huic testimonio appensum,
Ad confirmandum ejus sensum,
Junctis chirographis cunctorum,
 Blyth, honest, hearty *sociorum.*
Dabamus at a large punch-bowl,
 Within our proper common school,
 The twenty-sixth day of November,
 Ten years, the date we may remember,
 After the race of Sheriffmuir,
 (Scotsmen will count from a black hour).
Ab omni probo nunc signetur,
Qui denegabit extrudetur.

 FORMULA GRADUS DANDI.

*E*ADEM nos auctoritate,
*R*eges memoriæ beatæ,
*P*ontifices et Papæ leti,
*N*am alii sunt a nobis sprete,
*Q*uam quondam nobis indulserunt,
*Q*uæ privilegia semper erunt,
*C*ollegio nostro safe and sound,
 As long 's the earth and cups go round.
*T*e Bogsaum hic creamus,
*S*tatuimus et proclamamus,
*A*rtium Magistrum et Doctorem,
*S*i libet etiam Professore;
*T*ibique damus potestatem
*P*otandi ad hilaritatem,
*L*udendi porro et jocandi,
*E*t mæstos vino medicandi,
*A*d risum etiam fabulandi;
*I*n promissionis tuæ signum,
*C*aput, honore tanto dignum,
*H*oc cyatho condecoramus*,
*U*t tibi felix sit oramus;
*P*ræterea in manum damus
*H*unc calicem, ex quo potamus,

Spumantem

* Here he was crowned with the punch-bowl.

Spumantem generoso vino,

Ut bibas more Palatino.

Sir, pull it off, and on your thumb

Cernamus supernaculum,

Ut specimen ingenii

Post studia decennii.

[While he is drinking, the chorus sings]

En calicem spumantem,

Falerni epotantem ;

En calicem spumantem,

Io, io, io.

[After he has drunk, and turned the glass on his thumb,
they embrace him, and sing again]

Laudamus hunc Doctorem,

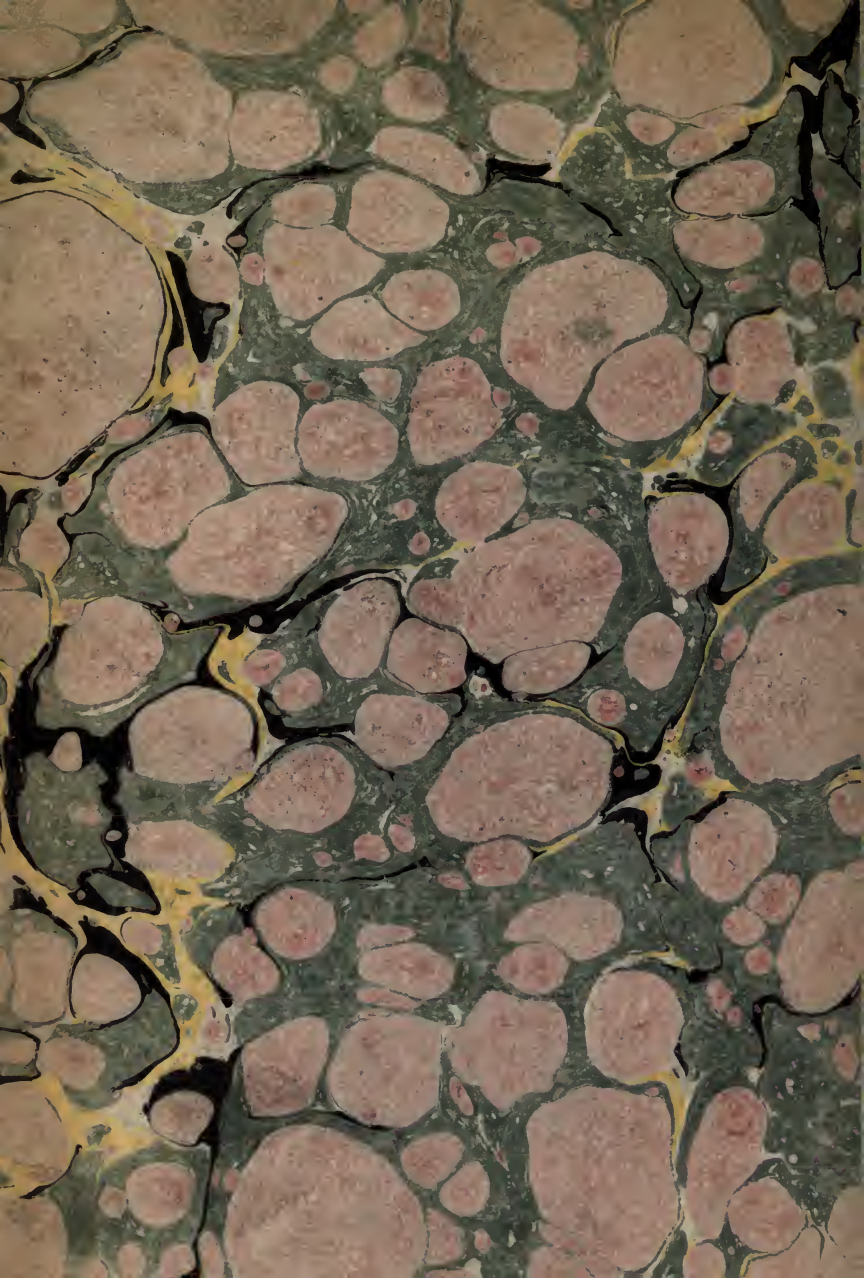
Et fidum comptorem ;

Laudamus hunc Doctorem,

Io, io, io.

F I N I S.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by A. NEILL & Co. }
}



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